

Children's Department.

HEAVEN.

There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven :
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgments given.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind :
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind

OUR LETTER BOX.

Dear Boys and Girls: You will notice that a few changes have been made in the EVANGELIST, beginning with this issue. In the Children's Department there are *two* changes, the most important of which is a new Editor. Our daughter, Emma, has taken charge of this department. You have read her stories in *Our Little Folks* and a few in this paper. She will endeavor to make this page as interesting as possible, and if you will help her, you will no doubt have a good time together. But you say, "How can we help her?" You can help her by writing short letters, answering questions and reading the Bible references to which your attention may be called. There are many ways in which you can be helpful. After a while the new editor will give you some pleasant work to do, work that will enable you to earn something and at the same time do good. Another change in your department is the type. Hereafter all the children's letters will be "set" in smaller type, but not too small to be easily read. There are but two letters for this issue. To these the new Editor has appended a few remarks. If you wish to, you can address your letters to Emma Gnagey, Ashland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—As I was appointed by the Junior K. C. to write for the EVANGELIST, I will now do so. We have our K. C. Society every Sunday evening. Last Sunday (Sept. 27) we elected officers to serve during October. Brother Gillin is conducting a series of revival meetings at Enon. I consider him just the right man to do it. The Illiokota Convention will be held here this fall and we expect to continue our meeting until then.

My papa had met with an accident and broken his leg last July. But we are all very glad that he is better and is able to attend church every night.

MORSE HOOVER.

We are very glad to receive a letter from Waterloo. And we are also glad to see that this little boy is so interested in the work of the church. Nearly every one of our contributors is a member of the K. C. This is just as it should be and as we like to see it. We would ask you to write again. Your letter is very interesting.—ED.

Dear Editor:—The children have lately failed to write for their department. I thought I would

write and so do my part in making our page interesting. I am a member of the Junior K. C. I love to attend the services. There is nothing nobler than to be a soldier of the King. I only wish that there were more children who were members of our society.

Ashland is a real nice, little town. There are quite a number of churches here, but I fear there are entirely too many saloons. I hope many children will write for our page hereafter. I will ask several questions which some little boy or girl may desire to answer.

1. Who was the first king of Israel?
2. Mention a young man who was hated by his brethren and sold into slavery.
3. Name a young man who considered himself wiser than his elders and who came to destruction. I will close or my letter will be too long.

CLYDE MURRAY.

You are right in saying there are too many saloons in Ashland. One saloon would be too many. You have written some very good questions and we would like to see some bright boy or girl answer them.—ED.

THE DOLL-MAKERS.

The first dolls were wooden dolls, and were called "Dutch" dolls. Perhaps because Kris Kingle belongs to Germany more particularly than to any other land, Germany is still the most successful land of doll-makers. The Germans now make more dolls than any other nation. They make cheaper dolls than the French and English dolls. The French make the most beautiful dolls, and dress them better than the English. The German doll is sent to us usually clothed in just one garment, but the English doll is always fully dressed. Up-town in New York is a store, a tiny, pretty store, and there is nothing to sell in it but doll's clothes. Jackets, hats, shoes, dresses of all kinds and colors, are for sale. The little window is like a fairy store, so tiny and dainty are some of the things for sale. How delightful for the little mothers about! They can save their pennies, and take dear Belinda to this fascinating store, and buy her a Spring coat or a Spring suit. Then, if one of the German dolls should suddenly arrive, she could be clothed at once. And what a lovely spot for the little mothers who can sew and catch ideas quickly! A visit to this shop would help them greatly in the perplexities of Belinda's wardrobe. I know one little girl who would much prefer a German doll in her one garment to a feel that half the joy was gone if she could only dress the doll she loves so dearly, for she is a real, little mother.

The making of dolls keeps a great many people busy, and the shipping, the selling a great many more. It hardly seems possible, when you hear of the number of dolls sold, that any little girl in this country should be without a doll. I heard of

one little girl whose doll was a clothes-pin, and the other day I went to call on a little girl, and her doll was a towel rolled up, and for clothes it had a handkerchief for a dress and a piece of red flannel for a sash. This tiny girl loved the doll, and hugged it closely to her. She held it out to show it with pride. Neither of these little girls could have any other kind of a doll. Their mothers have no money. I think they are quite as happy as a good many little girls I have known who had French dolls.

It is well there are little girls who can buy dolls, for the making of dolls and their clothes gives people money which buys food and clothes.—*Outlook.*

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

"Caw! caw! caw! I've come to make you a visit."

Marm dog, Bruno, Carlo and Don looked a bit surprised at their visitor, as Jim Crow continued:

"I'm big now; papa and marm left me to keep nest, but I'm out to see the world."

"Bow-wow-wow! what's the matter with your tail?" said Bruno; and, "What's your name?" asked Don.

"I guess it's Ragtail," laughed Carlo.

"Just the name," said Bruno.

So they all set up a howl, which was known in the dog family as "the dog yell," after the manner of college boys.

Jim Crow clapped his wings as nearly over his ears as he could, but he could not keep out the horrid noise.

"Mrs. Dog, why don't you teach your puppies better manners?"

"Why don't your mammy teach you to stay at home until you are invited," retorted Mrs. Dog, shaking her ears and raising her right paw as if to strike.

Her children, thinking that meant a rush upon Jim Crow, each gave a spring, but Bruno tumbled over Carlo, and Don over both, and Jim Crow flew away just as Hattie Dean came from behind the barn door with Mrs. Dog's and the puppy Dog's breakfast. Hattie had been watching the scene for some time, and it was she who told this story to her mother. "Not that they really talked," she said, "but they looked as if they did," and she laughed as she added:

"Anyway, I think Jim Crow will not come again very soon to visit the dogs."

"And I think," said her mother, "it is a good place for half-grown birds in or near their nest."

"And for little girls near home," added Hattie, who remembered how she got into trouble a few days before when she ran away from home without mamma's permission.—*Alice Hamilton Rich.*